

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS EXHIBITED,

IN

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE..

IMPROVED.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AND

THE FIRESIDE.

A POEM.

BY DOCTOR COTTON.

GLASGOW:

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DOMESTIC HAPPINESS EXHIBITED.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE.

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IMPROVED.

I.

JOHN Anderson, my joe, John, I wonder what
you mean,
To rise so soon in the morning, and sit up so late at
e'en,
Ye'll blear out a' your een, John, and why should you
do so,
Gang sooner to your bed at e'en, John Anderson, my
joe.

II.

John Anderson, my joe, John, whan nature first
began
To try her canny hand, John, her master-work was
man;
And you amang them a John, so trig frae tap to
toe,
She prov'd to be nae journey-work, John Anderson,
my joe.

III.

John Anderson, my joy, John, ye were my first
 conceit,
 And ye need na think it strange, John, tho' I ca'
 ye trim and neat;
 Tho' some foke say ye're auld, John, I never think
 ye so,
 But I think ye're ay the same to me, John Ander-
 son, my joe.

IV.

John Anderson, my joe, John, we've seen our bairns
 bairns,
 And yet my dear, John Anderson, I'm happy in
 your arms,
 And fae are ye in mine, John, I'm fure ye'll ne'er
 say no,
 Tho' the days are gane that we hae seen, John
 Anderson, my joe.

V.

John Anderson, my joy, John, what pleasure does
 it gie,
 To see sae mony sprouts, John, spring up 'tween
 you and me,
 And ilka lad and lass, John, in our footsteps to go,
 Makes perfect heaven here on earth, John Ander-
 son, my joe.

VI.

John Anderson, my joe, John, when we were first
 acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven, your bonny brow
 was brent,

But now your head's turn'd bald, John, your locks
 are like the snow,
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson,
 my joe.

VII.

John Anderson, my joe, John, frae year to year
 we've past,
 And soon that year maun come, John, will bring
 us to our last,
 But let na' that affright us John, our hearts were
 ne'er our foe,
 While in innocent delight we liv'd, John Anderson,
 my joe.

VIII.

John Anderson, my joe, John, we clamb the hill
 thegither,
 And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane
 anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in
 hand we'll go,
 And we'll sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson,
 my joe.



THE FIRESIDE.



I.

DEAR Cloc, while the busy croud,
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In folly's maze advance;
 Tho' singularity and pride
 Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
 Nor join the giddy dance.

II.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
 To our own family and fire,
 Where love our hours employs;
 No noisy neighbour enters here,
 No intermeddling stranger near,
 To spoil our heartfelt joys.

III.

If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast this jewel lies,
 And they are fools who roam;
 The world hath nothing to bestow,
 From our own selves our bliss must flow,
 And that dear hut our home.

VI.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
 When with impatient wing she left
 That safe retreat, the ark:
 Giving her vain excursions o'er,
 The disappointed bird once more
 Explor'd the sacred bark.

V.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers;
 We, who improve his golden hours,
 By sweet experience know,
 That marriage, rightly understood,
 Gives to the tender and the good,
 A paradise below.

VI.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
 If tutor'd right they'll prove a spring,
 Whence pleasures ever rise:
 We'll form their minds with studious care,
 To all that's manly, good, and fair,
 And train them for the skies.

VII.

While they our wisest hours engage,
 They'll joy our youth, support our age,
 And crown our hoary hairs;
 They'll grow in virtue every day,
 And thus our fondest loves repay,
 And recompense our cares.

VIII.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own;
 While to the world we live unknown,
 Or by the world forgot:
 Monarchs! we envy not your state,
 We look with pity on the Great,
 And blest our humble lot.

IX.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
 But then how little do we need;
 For Nature's calls are few!
 In this the art of living lies,
 To want no more than may suffice,
 And make that little do.

X.

We'll therefore relish with content,
 Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
 Nor aim beyond our power;
 For if our stock be very small,
 'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
 Nor lose the present hour.

XI.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
 Patient when favours are deny'd,
 And pleas'd with favours given;
 Dear Cloc, this is wisdom's part,
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

XII.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
 Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
 But when our feast is o'er,
 Grateful from table we'll arise,
 Nor grudge our sons, with envious eye,
 The relics of our store.

XIII.

Thus hand in hand thro' life we'll go,
 Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble, or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead.

XIV.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
 Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath:
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel whisper peace,
 And smoothe the bed of death.

F I N I S .

